Spanked as an Adult: Jeff's Story
By Jeff and Yu May

Chapter 1: A Dangerous Hike

The most memorable and painful spanking I ever got happened when I was nineteen, out on a family hike through the wooded trails. It was different from every other one I'd received. I stepped away from the group without telling anyone so I could take a few pictures of the sun-dappled trees and the rocky outcrop along the path. When I turned to catch up, I took the wrong fork and soon found myself alone in the dense underbrush. For nearly an hour I wandered, heart pounding, calling out every so often while the fear of being truly lost grew heavier with every minute. I knew I'd put my parents through a lot of needless worry, and the thought of their anxious faces only tightened the knot in my stomach.

When I finally spotted them waiting at a trail junction, relief washed over me even as the shame settled in. Mom and Dad spoke to me first with quiet, loving concern, their voices soft while they checked that I was unhurt. My eyes dropped to the ground.

"I'm so sorry," I said, the words thick in my throat. "I am ready to take any punishment for my actions."

Dad studied me for a long moment, then nodded.

"Good. Follow me, everyone."

He led us off the main path, weaving about half a mile through the trees until we reached a secluded clearing where the forest floor was soft with pine needles and no other hikers would pass. Mom walked close behind him. My older sister and younger sister followed with me. As we moved deeper into the woods, Dad's voice carried clearly.

"You're going to get a switch, Jeff. It will be very painful, so that you learn your lesson properly."

My pulse quickened.

"Please, Dad, don't. Not a switch."

"You said it yourself," he answered evenly. "Any punishment. This is the one I think will serve you best."

I fell silent after that and walked with my head down. When Dad finally stopped beside a sturdy young tree, he turned to me and my younger sister.

"Go find and cut a good switch."

The two of us moved into the thicker growth. My hands trembled as I searched among the slender branches. The weight of what was coming pressed harder with every step. I felt scared—the forest suddenly too quiet, the air too still. When we came back with a long, flexible green switch, Dad took it and began carefully stripping the leaves and smoothing the bark while I stood waiting.

"Undress," he said calmly.

Mom stayed quiet at first, gathering the clothes I removed one by one. She folded them neatly and offered a gentle reassurance.

"You'll be fine. This is what's good for you, so you learn your lesson."

I stripped completely (shirt, shorts, underwear) until I stood bare except for my socks and hiking shoes. The cool forest air brushed over my skin. I stepped forward and wrapped my arms around the rough trunk of the tree, pressing my forehead against the bark, my bare backside fully exposed to the family gathered behind me.

Dad finished preparing the switch and took his place. The first stroke landed with a sharp, searing crack that felt like it sliced straight through the skin, though it left only a rising welt. I'd known the sting of a cane before, but this freshly cut switch was worse—hotter, more biting, the pain blooming instantly across my bottom and the upper backs of my thighs. I tried to hold myself steady, to take it like a grown man, but by the second stroke tears were already spilling down my cheeks. By the sixth my nose was running freely and the sobs came unrestrained, the sound of a child rather than a nineteen-year-old.

Mom stepped closer and rubbed slow circles across my bare back, her palm warm and steady. At the same time she rested her other hand against the trunk just above my forehead, a quiet barrier in case the force of the strokes made me jerk forward. I felt the care in those touches even through the fire spreading across my skin. Dad spoke between strokes, his voice firm yet not unkind.

"You're doing good, my boy. We still have a few more."

He paused now and then, giving me space to breathe before the next stroke fell. My little sister counted each one aloud in a soft, steady voice. Eighteen in total. To me it felt endless—each lash a fresh reminder of the worry I'd caused, each one met with the knowledge that the people I loved most were right there, watching, caring, determined to see the lesson through.

When the last stroke landed, the clearing fell quiet except for my uneven breathing. Mom and Dad stepped in at once and wrapped me in a firm, lingering hug, their arms solid around my trembling shoulders.

"You did good," Dad said quietly. "We hope the lesson taught you something."

Mom added, her voice gentle against my ear,

"But it isn't over yet. When we get home, you'll spend some time in the corner thinking about what you've done."

They helped me dress. Mom guided my underwear and shorts carefully over the hot, welted skin, her hands careful and kind. I pulled my shirt back on myself. As we walked back toward the trail and the waiting car, Dad led the way and Mom stayed close behind him. My sisters walked at my side. They asked quietly how the switch had felt and noted that the marks across my bottom and thighs were already vivid, though they offered no teasing—only the shared understanding that any of us might one day stand in the same place.

The long drive home was miserable. Every bump in the road sent fresh waves of pain through the swollen flesh, and I shifted restlessly in the seat, the guilt still heavy in my chest. As our house came into view, Mom glanced back at me.

"Jeff, you know what you must do when we get home?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered at once. I felt no urge to argue. The guilt was too deep; I wanted only to obey.

Inside, I undressed again without being told twice and stood naked in the corner of the living room. For two full hours I remained there, turning to face a different wall every fifteen minutes, the air cool against my marked skin, the memory of the switch still burning. When the time ended there was brief talk of writing lines, yet my exhaustion was plain. I asked if I might simply go to bed. Mom and Dad looked at one another and agreed.

The next morning I woke expecting more. Instead they met me with quiet hugs, the same steady warmth they had shown in the woods. The idea of further punishment seemed to have been set

aside. I knew, deep down, that I had already received enough—and that the care woven through every part of it had been as real as the pain.

End of Chapter 1

Chapter 2: An Embarrassing Date Night

After that long-ago hike, life at home continued much as it always had. Even at nineteen, and well beyond, spankings remained a normal part of discipline for my sisters and me. A few family friends with kids around our age practiced similar strict rules, and some of the cousins received the occasional spanking as well. I never felt I had outgrown it; it was simply the way things were done.

My girlfriend Katie learned the truth without any careful explanation. One evening the two of us were curled up on the living-room couch watching a movie when Dad walked in and asked whether the overdue oil change for my older car had finally been scheduled. I rolled my eyes.

“No, I’ll do it later.”

“Later” had already stretched across three weeks, and the car needed service every three months or three thousand miles. Dad began a quiet lecture. I cut him off.

“We’re watching a movie. I’ll call tomorrow and set it up.”

“No,” he answered firmly. “We will talk about it now.”

I should have stayed calm, but instead I pushed back, telling him it was a bad time. After a few more sharp words he simply turned and left the room. Katie paused the movie, her brown eyes wide, and looked between us.

“What the heck is going on?” she whispered.

Only a few minutes later Dad returned carrying a wooden hairbrush and a leather belt.

“Strip,” he said.

I froze, face burning. Katie looked even more stunned. I began to beg.

“Dad, please, no! I’m sorry I talked back.”

“You should have thought about your words earlier.”

I pleaded again, but another firm “Now, Jeff” settled the matter. Shy and deeply embarrassed, I started to undress. Dad helped with the last of the clothes until I stood naked in the middle of the living room. He pointed to his own knee. I went over it without further protest.

A solid hand spanking came first, his palm rising and falling in a steady rhythm while he scolded me.

“You should have made that appointment weeks ago. More importantly, you do not talk back to your parents, especially not in front of your girlfriend, or anyone else.”

The hairbrush followed, covering every inch of my already warm backside. After several minutes he stood me up, let me drink a glass of water, and gave me two full minutes to catch my breath. Then he directed me to lean over the nearby bar stool. The belt came next. I gripped the legs of the stool, eyes half-closed, and held on while the leather cracked against my skin. Some strokes were moderate; others landed with a sharp, breath-stealing force. Tears slid down my cheeks—partly from the growing sting, mostly from the raw embarrassment of Katie watching every moment in silence.

Dad’s voice stayed steady between strokes.

“Are you going to talk back again?”

“No, sir!”

“And you’ll make that appointment on Monday?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Good.” Another firm stroke landed.

When the belting finally ended, I apologized and thanked him. He gave me a brief, solid hug in return, then turned to Katie.

“Sorry you had to witness that, Katie. You two can finish the movie when you’re ready, but Jeff isn’t allowed to get dressed. He can sit on a blanket on the floor or stand by the wall.”

I chose the floor. Katie settled beside me, slipped an arm around my bare shoulders, and offered quiet, sympathetic cuddling while the movie played on. She asked soft questions—how often I got spanked, what sorts of things earned it, whether it was common for others to be present, whether my sisters received the same treatment, why I simply hadn’t made the appointment in the first place. She wanted to know how I felt about what had just happened. Then she assured me that, although she had been shocked, nothing about the evening changed the way she saw me or our relationship. Later we talked about her own childhood spankings, which had stopped around age fifteen—though, she admitted, she was now receiving them again.

Years later, when my older sister moved out to live with her fiancé, Katie and I seized the chance to try living together. We rented the apartment from my sister, who expected the place kept clean and orderly. Sitting down together one evening, we drew up a simple set of household rules. Katie suggested a mutual punishment system for neglected chores. I added that the same approach could help us settle everyday conflicts. From that point on we disciplined each other when either of us fell short. Katie and her sister were spanked as well; I often joked that I was the only boy in a very large, very disciplined family.

Only recently I found myself in trouble again—a traffic violation. A maintenance spanking came first, followed by a larger public one the next Saturday. When it was finished I simply said I had learned the lesson, the marks a clear reminder that some rules still carried consequences, no matter how old I grew.

End of Chapter 2